

# BUFFALO EXPRESS

DAILY — SUNDAY — AND WEEKLY.

Office, 179 Washington Street.

THE LARGEST, BEST, AND CHEAPEST PAPER  
IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

Single Copies Five Cents.

**A**LL THE NEWS received from every part of the world up to half-past three o'clock in the morning every day in the year. Delivered to subscribers in the city or sent by mail, prepaid, to any postoffice in the United States or Canada, at the following rates:

DAILY, with Sunday, per year.....	\$10 00
DAILY, with Sunday, six months.....	5 00
DAILY, with Sunday, three months.....	2 50
DAILY, without Sunday, per year.....	8 00
DAILY, without Sunday, six months.....	4 00
DAILY, without Sunday, three months.....	2 00
DAILY, without Sunday, one month.....	0 70

SUNDAY EXPRESS, per year..... \$2 50

WEEKLY EXPRESS, per year..... \$1 00

**A**LL COMMUNICATIONS, of whatever nature, intended for these papers, should be addressed to  
J. N. MATTHEWS,  
Editor and Proprietor, Buffalo, N. Y.

[Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice of Buffalo, Erie County, N. Y.]

Sunday Morning, May 29, 1887.

ADVERTISING OURSELVES

Clothing.



A Prevaricator.



## BUFFALO MOURNING.

A GREAT LOSS TO THIS COMMUNITY AND  
THE MEDICAL PROFESSION GENERALLY.

Sketch of the Late Dr. Thomas F. Rochester—A Noble Life, Full of Good  
Deeds—A Tribute from the Heart.

The news of the death of Dr. Thomas F. Rochester, on Tuesday morning last, has, ere this, spread through the wide community in which he was so beloved by all, and has touched with the sense of loss thousands of hearts that have blessed him for many benefactions. Dr. Rochester's death is more than a loss to his family, friends, neighbors, associates and beneficiaries. It is a loss to the medical profession of the country which is keenly felt. THE SUNDAY EXPRESS finds it appropriate to reproduce here, in part, the sketch of his life which was published in THE MORNING EXPRESS the day after his death, together with a sincere tribute to his beloved memory. The accompanying portrait will be welcomed by many. It was engraved from a photograph taken about five years ago, and well shows Dr. Rochester as he was before the wasting effects of long illness became apparent.

The fatal illness is traced back to an accident which occurred Feb. 17, 1885, when Dr. Rochester was seriously injured by being thrown from his cutter while making professional calls. Various troubles appeared during the succeeding year; he continued to attend to business, with intervals of illness; but the best efforts of his profession, with trips for health and rest, availed little. The last period of his confinement at home dates from April 12th.

His sickness is supposed to have been a chronic inflammation of the kidneys, closely allied to rheumatic or gouty kidney.

### A Sketch of Dr. Rochester's Life.

Thomas Fortescue Rochester was descended from colonial English settlers of Virginia, eldest son of T. H. and P. E. Rochester, and grandson of Col. Nathaniel Rochester, Deputy Commissary-General in the Continental Army, and for whom the city of Rochester is named.

It was in 1809 that Col. Nathaniel Rochester, Col. Fitzhugh, and Maj. Carroll, then leading citizens of Hagarstown, Md., bought the "One Hundred Acre," or "Allen Mill Tract," on the Genesee River, for \$17.50 an acre, the site originally given to Ebenezer Allen as a bonus for building his mill at "The Falls," as the present site of Rochester was then known. In 1810 Col. Rochester closed his business in Maryland, having decided to move his family to Dansville, this State. The departure was regarded as a public misfortune. "When that well-remembered cavalcade," says Jenny Marsh Parker, in her interesting history of Rochester,—"two family carriages, the Colonel and his five boys on horseback, and one of his daughters beside, two or three great wagons with four heavy horses each, ten slaves, these the members of two entire families including an old grandmother or 'mammy,' all under the charge of experienced teamsters,—when the cavalcade passed slowly down the main street of Hagarstown bound for the Genesee country, the thoroughfare was lined with townspeople and not a few watched it as they would a funeral train." The third of these boys, Thomas, afterward Mayor of Rochester, became the father of the subject of this sketch.

Dansville was quite a stirring place even in 1810. Here Col. Rochester settled. In 1815 he was thriving on his land in Bloomfield, a farm still bearing the name of "the Rochester Farm." In 1816 he was a second time Elector of President and Vice President. In 1818 he removed to "The Corners," to which he was to give a better name. Not long after he built the house on the corner of Spring and North Washington streets, where he lived until his death in 1887. There have been but few changes in this house, which is known to the present generation as the old Col. Rochester Homestead.

Among the many stories that might be told about Col. Rochester is one illustrating the stormy political times of 1826, when DeWitt Clinton and Henry Huntington were the Clintonian nominees for Governor and Lieutenant Governor and William B. Rochester and Nathaniel Pitcher were the Bucktail or Democratic nominees. Betting was lively, and Henry E. Rochester, not of age, having just received \$1,000 for a lot on Spring Street which his father had given him, took several bets amounting to \$1,000 upon Pitcher's election. He won, but when he went home with \$2,000 in his pocket his father forbade him to keep one penny of it. Some three weeks later Col. Rochester gave his son Henry E. the deed of another lot on Spring Street, worth \$2,000, which was sold afterwards for \$6,000.

And so the Rochesters, root and branch, thrived. In April, 1817, the Legislature incorporated the growing village at the Falls of the Genesee under the name of Rochesterville. With increase of wealth and population came new dignity, and the town, like a growing tadpole, dropped its caudal sign of juvenility and swam out into prosperity under the honored and honor-giving name of Rochester. It is perhaps worthy of note that Buffalo claims as citizens distinguished members of the families whose names are given to two of our greatest municipal neighbors, Cleveland and Rochester.

The fifth Mayor of Rochester, Thomas H. Rochester, who held office in 1839, was the father of Thomas F., who was born at Rochester on October 8, 1823. Incidents of boyhood days are lacking, but we know it was a boyhood well spent, for it brought him to that alma mater of many noble men, Geneva College. Graduating in 1845 with the degree of Master of Arts, he turned to medicine, and pursued that study at the University of Pennsylvania, taking the degree of M. D. in 1848. For the year following he was assistant physician at Bellevue Hospital, where he enjoyed rare opportunities of practice and study. Then came a year and a half abroad, during which time he traveled in many countries in Europe, and also continued his professional studies.

Dr. Rochester returned to America in 1851 and established himself in New-York City, where he continued from June, 1851, to June, 1853, when he came to Buffalo to take the chair of the Principles and Practice of Medicine and of Clinical Medicine in the University of Buffalo. He had married, on May 6, 1852, Margaret Munro, daughter of the Rt. Rev. W. H. De Lancey, D.D., D.C.L., Oxon., first Bishop of the Diocese of Western New-York.

Holding an important position in the faculty of Buffalo University, a position to which his abilities, his industry, and devotion to the University have lent luster, he at the same time rapidly built up not only a wide practice, but a solid reputation for skill and success in treatment. As is indicated by the chair of instruction in the University, his field has been that of the general practitioner; but in this field he has had a great deal to do with diseases of the heart and lungs.

Since 1861 Dr. Rochester has been consulting physician to the Buffalo General Hospital; and from 1853 to 1883 he was attending or consulting physician at the Sisters of Charity Hospital.

In 1848 he was elected a member of the New-York Pathological Society. He was a member of the Erie County Medical Society, and was its president in 1860. He was president of the New-York State Medical Society in 1875-'76, and its delegate to the International Medical Congress at Philadelphia in 1876. He was also a member of the American Medical Association.

In the early years of Dr. Rochester's practice in Buffalo he was in partnership with Dr. Austin Flint, Sr. Most of the older practitioners of Buffalo with whom Dr. Rochester was associated are dead. A few remain, an ornament to their profession and an honor to their city. It was a worthy place that Dr. Rochester soon took among such able men as Drs. James P. White, Barnes, Pratt, Charles Winne, Loomis, P. H. Strong, James Samo, James and George Hadley, Sanford B. Hunt, Charles A. Lee, John C. Dalton, Sanford Eastman, William Ring, and others. Especially in the State Medical Society were Dr. Rochester's professional associations agreeable and eminent. Of Dr. Rochester's professional publications may be mentioned "The Winter Climate of Malaga," being observations made during personal residence; "History of the Medical Societies of Buffalo"; "The Army Surgeon"; "The Modern Hygeia"; "Medical Men and Medical Matters of 1776" and many monographs on various professional subjects.

Some of the foregoing are of no little local interest. With No. 2 of the first volume of the *Buffalo Medical and Surgical Journal and Reporter*, September, 1861, Dr. Rochester began the publication of a series of articles on the "History of the Origin and Transactions of the Medical Societies of Buffalo," which was continued through three numbers. These papers are probably the best record of the early years of the society ever made. He brought the abstract of proceedings down to April, 1861, beginning with "the earliest record of Medical Association for professional improvement and advancement," which was entitled "The Constitution and By-laws of the Medical Society of the Village of Buffalo, adopted July 16, 1831." The first officers of the association were: President, Dr. Cyrus Chapin; vice president, Dr. Judah Bliss; recording secretary, Dr. Bryant Burwell; corresponding secretary, Dr. Josiah Trowbridge; treasurer, Moses Bristol. The by-laws of the society in that early time, as recorded by Dr. Rochester, are curious. They made polite behavior incumbent upon members, forbade "self-laudation or assumption of greater or more special skill than any of the other members," and declared "deductions from bills made out agreeably to the fee bill, as unfair and unprofessional, where the parties have the ability to pay the full amount." This association died of inanition when less than a year old. It was not until 1845 that the Buffalo Medical Association came into being,

formed as a City Medical Society by members of the Erie County Medical Faculty. The organizers were Drs. J. Trowbridge, Moses Bristol, A. S. Sprague, George N. Burwell, John S. Trowbridge, Charles Winne, Josiah Barnes, F. L. Harris, H. N. Loomis, H. M. Congar, F. H. Hamilton, and Austin Flint. Dr. Josiah Trowbridge was the first president. This history was compiled with great care by Dr. Rochester and is an interesting record even to the non-professional mind, particularly as regards the cholera cases of 1849 and 1854.

On February 24, 1863, Dr. Rochester delivered an address to the graduates of the Medical Department of the University of Buffalo on "The Army Surgeon," which attracted wide attention and was published in the *Buffalo Medical and Surgical Journal* for March, 1863. It was virtually a memorial to Dr. Charles H. Wilcox, Volunteer Brigade Surgeon in Gen. Patrick's Brigade, and afterwards Surgeon of the 21st Regiment, New-York State Volunteers. Dr. Wilcox died in Buffalo shortly after returning from service, broken down by toll, anxiety, and exposure.

For many years the *Buffalo Medical Journal* contained frequent contributions from Dr. Rochester. Notable among these were papers on cholera, in which are recorded many interesting facts relating to the epidemic of 1854, with observations on cases at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, and Buffalo.

Dr. Rochester was identified with various public institutions. He was president of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, and a practical patron and promoter of art. He was also a life member of the Young Men's Association and a member of Trinity Episcopal Church.

As an instructor he was direct in style, always clear and forcible, aiming to teach, to inculcate a truth, rather than to appear learned in the eyes of his hearers. As a speaker he had often been heard in public. His annual remarks to the graduating classes from the nurses' training school in connection with the General Hospital are well remembered as models of kindly, advisory address.

Besides the widow, he leaves six children to grieve at the loss of a kind father and a considerate friend—Mr. Nathaniel Rochester, cashier of the Third National Bank; Dr. Delancey Rochester, who has been associated with his father in the practice of medicine for some time; and Miss Elizabeth, Miss Margaret, and Miss Emily Rochester, and Mrs. Charles B. Wheeler.

### Tributes to Worth.

At a meeting of the Council of the Buffalo University, held on Wednesday, the following memorial was adopted and ordered placed on the records:

The associates of the late Dr. Rochester in the Buffalo University share the general sorrow in view of his death. He was the last of the group of distinguished physicians who founded or were early associated with the Medical Department. The names of Flint, Hamilton, White, Miner, Rochester, have not only given honorable renown to our university, but they rank with the foremost of those who have advanced the science of their profession. The professional brethren of our lamented colleague will speak elsewhere more particularly of his professional career; we would linger for a few moments over the memory of the man and the citizen. He was a man of great purity of character and of broad human sympathies. His eminence gave him a large clientele among the rich, but the tributes of affection and gratitude given him by the poor during his long illness, whom he gratuitously served, are the enduring testimonials of his tender heart and his unselfish nature.

He was a man of positive opinions. In church, in state, in every sphere of his activities, he had earnest convictions and uncompromising action. His convictions rested on principles interwoven with his moral nature, and what to some might seem a narrow partisanship was in fact a loyal consecration to what he believed to be duty. He kept his heart pure and ever obeyed its high instincts.

Dr. Rochester was an ideal citizen. We recognize the wide distinction between a negative and an affirmative good citizenship. He was not content to be a builder of only his private fortunes. He felt and met the higher responsibility of citizenship. But for his large sympathy with the humanities which are the best exponents of our civilization he might have accumulated a private fortune that would rank with the fortunes of trade and commerce. But Dr. Rochester was, as has been well said, of the "select few" who make the sacrifices which build and sustain the institutions which are the true glory of cities and States. Other men's gifts were never made the standard for his own. His generosity outstripped his prudence, and he took the lead in labors and sacrifices for the public weal where he might justly have followed. As his associates in the Council we are proud of his professional distinction, but we are still more proud of these civic virtues which have left so beneficent results and so illustrious example.

His last months revealed his heroic character. Life was sweet to him, and while he brought to the Divine Will the resignation of a Christian; his struggle against his fatal disease was truly heroic. With what patience he submitted to the painful ordeal that alone gave hope of restoration! With what energy he resumed his professional labors after his recent return from a gentler climate than ours, and while death was on his track! And how like a warrior fallen in battle he yielded at last only when life was fast ebbing away.

Truly our friend lived "the beloved physician" and the noble citizen. He died a Christian hero.

Every physician in Buffalo, it seemed, was present at a meeting of the Erie County Medical Society held on Wednesday evening. Dr. John D. Hill, who presided, said, with much feeling:

Gentlemen of the Erie County Medical Association. You are all aware of the sad event which has called us together. Death has again entered our ranks, and has taken from our galaxy a bright and shining light—may I not say the sun of our profession?

It is fitting on such an occasion that we should meet to pay the tribute and respect due a member who has devoted the energies of a life in advancing the best interests not alone of his chosen avocation, but of the community in which he lived. No member of this society was better known or more highly esteemed than was Dr. Thomas F. Rochester. We do credit to ourselves by honoring his memory.

Other tributes were paid to the memory of the departed by Dr. F. W. Abbott and Dr. Lucien Howe, who spoke, pending the preparation of the following memorial:

After an illness patiently borne for nearly two years, an illness which was heroically but unsuccessfully combated by Dr. Thomas F. Rochester, has been removed from our center by death. His professional achievements, his absolute integrity, his sound judgment, his profound erudition, his purity of character, and his widespread generosity have endeared him to us all and raised him to the very summit of distinction in this community: his many virtues have been the means whereby he has attained his brilliant success, and have gained for him the almost unprecedented regard and love of his fellow men, while by the radiance of his character he has invited emulation.

We recognize that by the death of Dr. Rochester the Erie County Medical Society, the profession, our charities, arts, and sciences, have lost a friend and supporter who cannot be replaced; that this society particularly will mourn the loss of one of its oldest, most zealous and able members, whose high achievements have given prominence to this society in the State; that the profession loses an endeared friend from whose source of ever-flowing knowledge we have long been accustomed to draw; our charities have lost a too frequent contributor and a wise adviser, and society an intellectual courtier and a respected guide, whose example of cheerfulness and Christianity will outlive his generation.

Resolved, That this memorial be entered upon our minutes and that a copy be transmitted to his bereaved family, who are not alone in their mourning, but whose terrible grief is shared by this society.

Dr. M. D. Mann, in moving the adoption of the resolution, and Dr. W. W. Potter, in seconding it, each made feeling remarks. The memorial was unanimously adopted.

Dr. George N. Burwell, who attended Dr. Rochester in his last illness, was unable from emotion to read the tribute he had prepared, and the secretary read for him the following:

I come to-night, my friends and brethren, to mourn with you the loss of our friend, associate, and exemplar, Dr. Rochester, as well as to add to your tribute of high and most merited praise the humble assurance of my affection and admiration. During all of his professional life in Buffalo we have worked side by side, always, I am most happy to say, in good understanding, and, therefore, always in peace and the most perfect harmony. He was the younger of the two, and perhaps the more ambitious; certainly the better

worker and the more of the man of affairs. So to a certain extent, we have worked on different lines; but never, on any occasion, to cross purposes. His push and energy have always claimed and have had warm admiration; and his prosperity and great reputation and renown have been always to me, as a citizen of Buffalo, objects of honest pride. I therefore do most sincerely mourn his death as a public loss to our city; and to the gentlemen associated with him in many and various associations it must be almost a calamity.

To myself, let me say, it is an irreparable loss for it takes from me the one most dear to me, and alas! almost the last one of the associates of my early medical life. His place, his esteem and friendship, which I have ever so highly valued, can never be made good to me and I mourn him as one who is without hope.

Tributes of a similar character were offered by letter by Dr. J. H. Fryer, and in impressive words by Drs. R. S. Strong, Roswell Park, James Samo, James Putnam, F. W. Bartlett, C. C. Wyckoff, J. C. Greene, Dr. Stoddard of Rochester, John Cronyn, and Samuel A. Wetmore. The burden of all the remarks was expressed by Dr. Bartlett:

Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.

The local board of managers of the State Normal School, the Monroe County Medical Society, and the directors of the Buffalo General Hospital, are among the organizations which have taken appropriate action on Dr. Rochester's death.

### The Funeral.

Rarely indeed has such a throng of mourners gathered in this city, as met at the funeral of Dr. Rochester, which was held at half past three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, from Trinity Church. The Erie County Medical Society attended in a body. Very many leading citizens of all lines of business and the professions, were there; while many a humble friend or beneficiary joined in the final tributes to the beloved dead. The services were conducted by the Rev. Francis Lobdell, rector of Trinity, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Van Bokkelen. The bearers were: Drs. M. D. Mann, Charles Cary, Bernard Bartow, Roswell Park, and E. V. Stoddard of Rochester, and Mr. Geo. L. Williams. The honorary bearers were Messrs. C. A. Sweet, E. C. Sprague, H. M. Kent, L. G. Sellstedt, J. N. Matthews, and Dr. P. H. Strong.

Interment was at Forest Lawn.

From THE MORNING EXPRESS, May 25th.

### DEATH OF DR. ROCHESTER.

This is a sad though not unexpected announcement. The news of Dr. Rochester's illness has spread far and wide. From day to day his condition has been reported through the local newspapers, and day by day it has been seen that the fatal hour was drawing nearer and nearer. The town has hung upon the hope that always lasts while there is life, but for some time the hope has been hopeless. The good physician—the friend beloved by more people than any other man in Buffalo—died at five o'clock yesterday morning, after forty-eight hours of unconscious relief from pain and suffering.

It is almost invidious to say so, but the simple truth to us seems that no other death in this city could be so widely and deeply mourned as this will be. Dr. Rochester had not an enemy. He was known individually and intimately more than any other man among us, and to know him in that way was to love him. Rarely was he ever spoken of except in terms of praise.

The story of his life and labors and the circumstances of his long illness are told in another part of this paper. Here it is only intended to speak of the lovely character of this dear and precious friend and associate of many stirring years. A keen personal sorrow finds utterance here, and the kindly reader will not rudely question the propriety of allowing a profound sense of an irreparable personal loss to unsteady the editorial pen.

Dr. Rochester came of honorable stock, and was justly—not foolishly—proud of it. He believed in good blood and was not ashamed of his faith. His descendants will count him among the worthiest of their ancestors. He will be remembered as one of the foremost physicians of his day and generation, for his fame extended far outside that small part of the world, the city of Buffalo, in which his professional life was spent. He was a Doctor of Medicine nearly forty years, and won the distinction of a Professorship at the age of thirty. Had he not been so entirely devoted to his vocation, so singularly faithful to self-assumed obligations in behalf of friends and patients, his course would not have been finished before the end of his sixty-fourth year.

He was generous beyond prudence. Few if any of his fellow-citizens ever gave so large a share of their means as he habitually gave of his to works of charity and public beneficence. His hand was free as his heart was warm. Enjoying for many years a splendid income from his practice, when called upon for subscriptions he rarely stopped to think that this was not the same as an income from real property. He gave too liberally. He was the least selfish of men and one of the most considerate. If indeed the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, Thomas Fortescue Rochester must have been, all his matured life, one of the Lord's best beloved.

He was a leader in good works. He went ahead with enterprises of great public importance, which required the stimulus of self-sacrificing benevolence, when he might better have been content to stay well in the rear. But he could only ask others to do when he had himself done his utmost. He was foremost in establishing charities, in founding hospitals, in building churches, in promoting a general love of science and the arts,—always striving for the welfare of the community in which he lived, for the benefit of the indigent and the wealthy alike. In a word, he was the ideal fellow-citizen.

His practice was largely among the rich, and

the well-to-do, but he never neglected the poor. When he was first suffering from his fatal illness, but during a period of convalescence some fifteen months ago, a friendly caller observed upon his table a rare orchid, and remarked upon its beauty. "Yes," said the grateful Doctor, "it was sent from New-York, and hundreds of flowers have found their way to my room ever since I have been sick." And only the day before his death a near neighbor was heard to say: "It is touching to see the scores of poor people that go to the door and anxiously ask after Dr. Rochester."

He was sensitive and affectionate. Tears sprang to his eyes at the sight or hearing of misery and suffering; and he was apt to betray the same refreshing sign of emotion at the manifestation of any unusual or intense interest in his own welfare. His tender heart was a well-spring of loving kindness. He was gentle and brave. True as steel in his friendships; strong and unyielding in contention for the right; but touch his heart, and he was a simple child.

Of a noble presence, appearing handsomely on all occasions, he was seen at his best in the domestic circle. There never lived a more devoted husband—never a more affectionate father. His last intelligible expressions were almost voiceless with tears, for he was speaking to an old friend about the dear ones that must be left to mourn. Only those who were on the most intimate terms with "the Rochesters" could understand and appreciate the filial reverence and playful endearments with which the younger ones treated the head of the house. He was at once their idol and their friend.

The dear man is dead. In the presence of such unspeakable affliction as has fallen upon his most estimable widow and children, respect forbids talk. Words have but a hollow sound and true sympathy is dumb. Their grief is sacred. But this brief tribute is mutely tendered in token of the general condolence—and of a silent sorrow only less acute than their own.

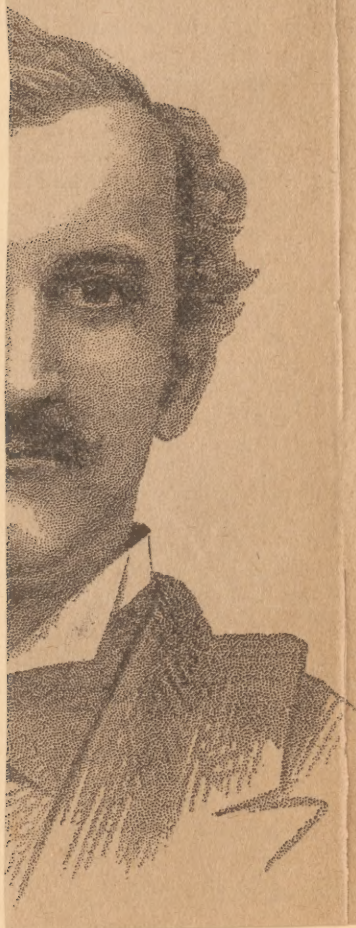




# EXPRESS.

UFFALO, N. Y., SUNDAY, MAY 29, 1887.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



writer of this article has on more than one occasion seen Mr. Mackaye do, is to command a rare and valuable gift not always in possession of the actor. In his lectures on expression he has done more than any other man of our time to assert the dignity and nobility of true theatrical art, and his lectures have had a deep and widespread influence in liberalizing the views of ecclesiastical circles and increasing the patronage of the theater by the better classes of the community.

As an inventor, we owe to him the famous "double stage," of which he is absolutely the sole and original inventor; the "orchestral curtain," and the "safety folding chair," which was born of his experience at the Brooklyn Theater fire in which he nearly lost his life.

As a manager, New-York is indebted to Mr. Mackaye for two of its highest-toned theaters—the Madison Square and the Lyceum—both of them temples of dramatic art which for exquisite taste, comfort, and originality of construction have never been equaled anywhere else in the world. In the building, decorating, and harmony of these now famous houses of entertainment Mr. Mackaye was architect, decorator, and inventor. Whatever of good taste or originality has made these theaters unique they owe to him.

As a playwright he has achieved more remarkable successes than any other dramatic author that America has yet produced. No man has ever secured so large a proportion of successes to the number of plays that he has presented for public favor. His adaptation of "Rose Michel," in which not a line of the original author was retained, ran 122 nights at the Union-square Theater. "Won at Last," an original play, was the great success of Wallack's season during the last engagement of Harry Montague at that theater. "Hazel Kirke," another original work, ran about 500 nights at the Madison-square Theater.

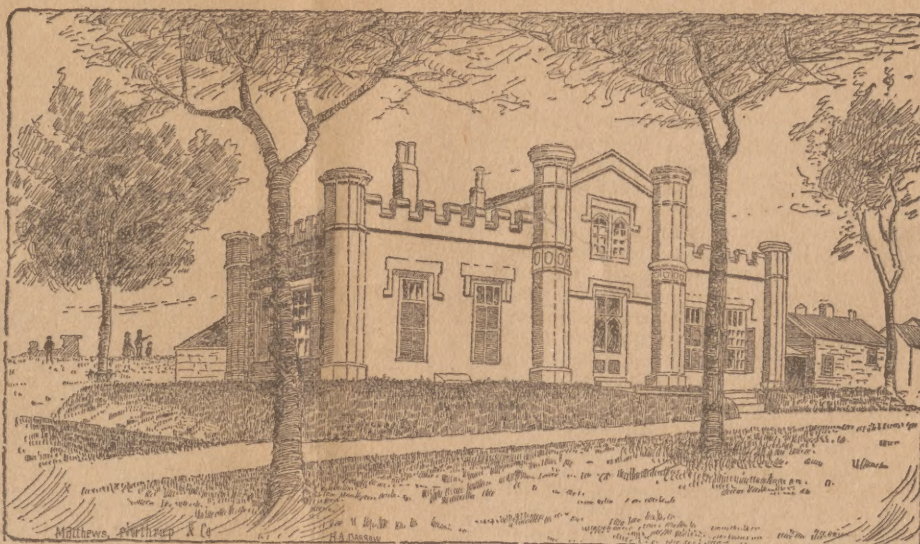
In short among the number of plays which Mr. Mackaye has thus far written, and produced with success, we can now recall: "Marriage," produced in 1872; "Arkwright's Wife," 1873; "Clancarty," 1874; "Rose Michel," 1875; "Queen and Woman," 1876; "Won at Last," 1877; "Through the Dark," 1878; "An Iron Will," 1879; "Hazel Kirke," 1880; "A Fool's Errand," 1881; "Dakolar," 1884; "In Spite of All," 1889; "Klenzi," reconstructed and rewritten for Mr. Barrett in 1886.

In addition to these plays which have already been produced, Mr. Mackaye has now ready for presentation:

## "Anarchy."

Of the last and greatest of these plays a great deal has already been said in print, although the drama has never been produced.

"Anarchy" is a drama in five acts. The scenes of the action are laid during the Reign of Terror in France. The first and second acts take place in Paris, and the third, fourth, and fifth in La Vendee. The story is that of a patriot, Paul Kauvar, who is secretly married to the daughter of a Royalist, a proud old Duke, whose life he has saved. By the intrigues of a villain, one Gouroc, who is a Marquis in disguise, and pretending to be a stern Jacobin, the Duke is arrested in Kauvar's house and Kauvar is made to appear to be the cause of the outrage. To prove his innocence to his wife, who has not dared to acknowledge her marriage to her father, the hero goes to the guillotine in her stead, and thus enables the Duke to escape to La Vendee. The scene then changes to the coast of France in Brittany where the Duke and his daughter succeed in reaching the



STEELE MACKAYE'S BIRTHPLACE.—"THE CASTLE," BUFFALO.

ists. By an ingenious turn the positions of the men are reversed and *Kauvar* becomes magnanimous. He tells the *General* that he will be lost in half an hour, and that if he would save himself he must change dresses with him and escape before the Republican soldiers arrive. After some hesitation and protest the *General* assumes the Republican uniform, *Kauvar* puts on that of the Royalist, and promises in order to enable the Royalist to escape that his lips shall be sealed for one hour. In that hour occurs the great situation of the play, for he is mistaken for a Royalist and dare not speak. The mob of Anarchists bring in his own wife and are about to strip her and hurl her into the river, when the bell tolls the close of the hour and *Kauvar* is free.

This is a rough outline of the story. It gives no idea of the pictorial and dramatic beauty and intensity of the scenes. The chivalric atmosphere is made to contrast superbly with the violence of the Reign of Terror, and the awful background of revolution serves to throw into high relief the devotion, the love, and the gentleness of the hero and heroine. A picture in the first act represents the dream of Anarchy. It is a tableau showing the guillotine in the *Place de la Revolution* by moonlight, surrounded by the mob of *Sans Culottes*; the death cart with the victims in the foreground and the garden of the Tuilleries in the background. We see the headsman, and the victims, and just as *Diane*, the heroine, steps upon the scaffold, the dreamer awakes, and the scene vanishes.

The tableau in the last act represents the realization of Anarchy, and it is here that the dramatist has summoned to his aid the scenic artist with extraordinary success, and brought all the adjuncts of stage art to the perfection of one of the most terrible pictures ever shown with animated figures.

The sketch which Mr. Matt Morgan has made of the scene is a remarkable one in itself. And it should be remembered that it was made as a working guide to the stage manager in arranging his people and will be reproduced as literally as possible. No one can see this picture without instantly understanding how many fearful and ferocious elements enter into the word "Anarchy," such associate talent brought *con amore* to its public exhibition. Mr. Matt Morgan, the scenic artist, than whom there is none better or more widely known, has given weeks to the production of the pictorial embellishments. His work-

ing sketches are rare examples of creative art and surpass anything that we have ever seen here. Mr. Edgar S. Kelley, the young composer who recently made such a furore in New-York by his music to "Macbeth," has written an overture to the drama, selected all the incidental music, and will probably conduct it himself.

## The Cast.

With regard to the cast it may be said it is phenomenal in its array of star names. The following correct distribution will place at once before the eye the character of the artists who are to take place in the production:

PAUL KAUVAR.....	STEELE MACKAYE
General Rochejacquelein.....	Eben Plympton
Duc de Beaumont.....	Frederic de Belleville
Margus de Vaux, alias Gouroc.....	Henry Lee
Abbe de St. Simon.....	John A. Lane
Colonel La Hogue.....	H. B. Bradley
Carrac.....	M. B. Snyder
Potin.....	Sidney Drew
Jean Luals.....	B. T. Ringgold
General Kleber.....	Jerome Stevens
Bourdette.....	Julian Mitchell
Goujon.....	Edward M. Hurd
Diane.....	Miss Genevieve Lytton
Nanette.....	Miss May Irwin
Denise.....	Miss Marie Hartley
Scarlotte.....	Miss Maude Hosford
Aline.....	Miss Alice Hamilton

Mr. Mackaye's assumption of the hero's role is important. The memorial character of the production in Buffalo induced him to play the part, as his many friends here coupled with the wish to see the play the wish to see their fellow-townsmen act in a worthy and original role. That he will create the part of *Paul Kauvar* and make it in every way worthy of the occasion and of the drama, no one who has seen him in great heroic impersonations will for a moment doubt.

Of the event, it may be said that in dignity of intention, wide-spread public interest, and artistic purpose, coupled with a municipal desire to honor a worker whose fame is wide-spread, it is altogether unique. No other dramatic event of this or any other season has excited so genuine and healthy a feeling of pride and curiosity.

The first night of "Anarchy" at the Academy of Music will be a metropolitan first night in Buffalo. A special train will bring a large representation of critics, journalists, and literary men from New-York and other cities, and the press all over the country will await with eagerness the result of Buffalo's endeavor to do honor to a distinguished townsman, and to produce in a worthy manner, what has been called the best native play of our day.

## Steele Mackaye's Classic Legs.

From the Washington Post.

Perhaps the most modest man on the grand stand at the unveiling of the Garfield statue was J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor. He has long been a resident of New-York City, where I have known him for years, and have often visited his studio. He is a bachelor, therefore there can be no foundation in fact for the statement made by a city paper that his son was with him last Thursday. Ward will regard that as a huge joke. He is a well known figure about New-York. He is a close worker, and lives in his elegant studio, where he has a suit of private apartments as well as an immense workshop. After his day's work is done he usually mounts a horse and takes an outing in Central Park, where one or two of his works stand, especially his "Indian Hunter" and his statue of Shakespeare. It may not be generally known that James Steele Mackaye posed for this statue of Shakespeare, but such is the fact. And thus it happens that Mackaye's legs support Shakespeare's head.

## Fame.

"Bridget," said I, with a modest air,  
And the tone of a genius unaware,  
As paper in hand, I pointed where  
Some verses of mine were printed,  
"This is what I was writing one day,  
When I sent you in a hurry to say,  
The children must not make a noise at play,  
Or I'd certainly go demented."

"My name is published—see, up there!"—  
She looked at it with bewildered stare,  
That slowly changed to a pitying air,  
As she laid aside the taper.  
"Troth, an' I do, ma'am, mind that same;  
I'd think it quare, an' a burnin' shame,  
If they should be after printin' my name,  
Like that, plain out in the paper!"

—Emma Lovett Carson.

## One Face.

Amid the gleam and glare of footlights bright  
One face alone beamed on my searchful sight;  
One sweet, rare, beautiful face whose bloom  
Filled to repletion that vast, crowded room.

I know 'tis truth that there were gathered there  
Much youth and grace and beauty, passing fair,  
But 'mid the glittering jet, pale plumes and costly  
lace,  
I saw but one, to me, exquisite face.

'Twas said, so well I played the actor's part!  
Ah, me! those words were burning in my heart,  
And leaped through quivering lips, with soul re-  
plete;  
I laid them, full of meaning, at her feet.

What though applause rang out both long and loud,  
My only true reward, as low I bowed,  
Was her glad face with proud, approving smile;  
That did indeed my reeling sense beguile.

The flowers they showered upon me prostrate lay,  
Till I bethought me that another day,  
I'd bring them all to her whose presence fair  
The inspiration gave to call them there.

Oh, lovely face! where soul all beauty lends,  
What wonder that my heart none else commands;  
In all this wide, wide world, where'er I'll go,  
There is for me but one such face, I know.

And if I were in heaven, and she were there  
Among that multitude of beings fair,  
In all that radiant, heaven-perfected race,  
There'd be for me but one angelic face.

—Hannah More Kohaus.

## June.

Oh, rare, sweet June! The sun ne'er looks so bright  
As when he peers forth from thy azure sky!  
Thy twinkling rills are crystals of pure light  
To gem our way,—and as we wander by,  
In dell and vale, we twine field-roses white,  
With Provence, Damask, Moss, to give delight.  
Oh, rarest month, departing all too soon!  
Since Heaven we see not now, we think a boon  
From thence was sent in thee, June, radiant June!

—Sophie L. Schenck.

## A Keen Criticism.

It was Coleridge who remarked that to see Kean act was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.

Kean must have acted like thunder.



V. OF "ANARCHY."

Drawn by Matt Morgan.

camp of the Royalists with *Gouroc*, and here the Duke extorts from his daughter a confession of her marriage with *Paul Kauvar*, by endeavoring to force her to marry *Gouroc*. This confession so enrages the proud old Duke that in his rage he disowns his daughter, and is about to drive her out to the *Sans Culottes*, when *Gouroc* interposes and announces that *Kauvar*, to save the Duke, has gone to the scaffold. At this *Diane*, the daughter, triumphantly asserts her pride in her husband and avows her determination of returning to her friends, the people.

Meanwhile *Kauvar*, who has escaped from the death cart in Paris, turns up in La Vendee as a Republican soldier at the head of the Republican forces, and is captured by *Gen. Rochejacquelein*, who is the cousin of his wife. At this point the interest of the drama is intense. These two officers once confronted show that although opposed to each other in arms, they are still gentlemen and patriots. The Royalist evinces the greatest admiration for the bravery of the Republican, but *Kauvar* cannot be induced to tell who he is until he hears his wife is in the chateau. He is defiant and resolute and demands death, but *Gen. Rochejacquelein* is magnanimous and wishes to save him. Meanwhile the Republican forces are victoriously advancing and a terrific explosion makes known the defeat of the Royal-

The scene represents the situation at the moment that the *Sans Culottes*, led by *Carrac*, are about to seize *Diane* and strip her for the infamous Republican marriage—which is nothing less than to tie her body to that of some male Royalist and fling both together into the river. It is at this moment of terror that *Kauvar* springs to her rescue. Anything more intense in its suspense, and magnificently pictorial in its arrangement, cannot be conceived. Aside, however, from the dramatic excellence of the scheme, there is an ethical value to the plan, inasmuch as it interprets and illustrates without preaching, the enduring principles of order and liberty at this moment imperiled by the Anarchic tendency of the time.

## The Theorem of the Play.

Mr. Mackaye's theorem of the play when stated in his own words is this:

"Liberty allied to passion becomes a demon that carries Anarchy to all who accept its rule.

"Liberty allied to reason and worthy aspiration becomes a goddess who leads the way to happiness and peace.

"Anarchy, as a play, seeks to give to each type of the times its characteristic act and voice."

The extraordinary manner in which this play is to be produced here, merits some attention. Very seldom, if ever, has an original drama had



Rarely has it been our duty to record in a single week so many prominent departures from this life as have occurred during the week just past, to the great affliction of well-known Buffalo people. In other weeks, very likely during last week itself, many more deaths than those in mind have been recorded, of persons equally worthy and bringing sorrow as deep if not as widespread as that which has been more in the public sight. Private grief is no less poignant because the cause of it is not well known; but the newspaper only takes notice of that which greatly concerns the public, and the proverb that "Death loves a shining mark" was verified to an unusual extent here last week.

First and foremost came the expected death of "the beloved physician" Dr. Rochester. Only last Sunday our readers were informed of the discouraging state of his health. "Most sincerely do we wish that a favorable report could truthfully be given," we said in all sincerity; "but it is not so. Dr. Rochester is very ill indeed, having suffered another relapse more prostrating than any of the several changes for the worse that have preceded it. There is still hope," we added, "but we fear it is almost hoping against hope."

And so, unhappily, it proved. He died in the early morning of Tuesday, and the daily papers have been crowded with the many touching tributes that have been paid to his ever-to-be-green memory by personal friends, by professional brethren, and by the charitable associations and beneficent institutions with which his life and labors were identified. We doubt whether so many good and at the same time true things have ever before been sincerely uttered with respect to any Buffalo citizen. All the newspapers said their best. Every physician who had opportunity testified his love and admiration of the man. One spoke of his soothing gentleness in the sick chamber; another of his great professional knowledge and skill; another of his gracious interest in the struggling younger members of the profession; another of his thoroughness as a teacher; another of the splendid generosity with which he gave of his means and his valuable time in the service of the sick poor and the advancement of the healing art. And so on. Taken altogether the good words of his colleagues and brethren described the ideal physician in this truly noble man.

The Council of the University of Buffalo, of which Dr. Rochester was the Vice-Chancellor, recorded an appropriate and eloquent Minute in which his eminence and worth were fitly described. Room could not be spared for printing what the Erie County Medical Society said, by the mouths of a great many members, in loving honor of their late most distinguished colleague and mentor and friend. "The Buffalo General Hospital mourns the loss of its truest and staunchest friend." The Board of Managers of the State Normal School testified to the "devoted and unremitting attention" of one who had been its presiding officer. And there are other public institutions with which Dr. Rochester was prominently identified yet to be heard from. His funeral was an after-death ovation. His grave was lined and strewn and piled high with a wealth of sweet and simple and costly flowers, more than could be counted, the fragrant tributes of affection and respect. Never was man more beloved in life or more lamented in death.

On the same day of Dr. Rochester's death came the cabled news of Mr. George J. Letchworth's sudden death in England. He, too, was widely and justly beloved. A wise and modest man, just in all his ways, and of great goodness. A representative business-man, the managing partner in one of the largest manufacturing and importing houses in Buffalo, and the friend of every person concerned in it from the senior partner down to the humblest of its many workmen, his death is a public and social loss.

On the same fateful day came the deplorable and unaccountable accident which caused the instantaneous death of Mrs. John C. Jewett, one of the most estimable among the many good Christian women in Buffalo and a lady in every (which of course includes the best) sense of the word. Her husband and sons are the proprietors of one of the largest factories in Buffalo,—perhaps the leading concern of its kind in the world,—and thus her tragical taking off will become widely known and deeply lamented.

While the solemn service for the burial of the dead was in progress over the remains of Dr. Rochester, while the funeral cortege was returning from the burial of Mrs. Jewett, the gentle soul of Mrs. Pascal P. Pratt took flight, and another large and most respected family was thrown into deep mourning for the loss of one who had always been the good angel of its household—a devoted wife and most affectionate mother—a truly charitable lady with a singularly retiring disposition.

And only yesterday the venerable widow of the late Augustus C. Moore died,—a woman remarkable in many good ways, but chiefly for the unostentatious benevolence with which she added to her husband's splendid gifts to some of the worthiest of Buffalo public institutions,—a "Mother in Israel."

Last week was indeed a week of lamented deaths in Buffalo.

One of the late Dr. Rochester's many friends wonders why some specific illustrations of his generosity were not related in the tributes to his memory when there were so many well-known instances to select from. It is not a wonder. The task of selection was not easy. But a single case may be narrated because of its extraordinary goodness. One of his professional brethren referred to the venerated Doctor's uniform kindness to the younger members. Perhaps the speaker had in mind the case of a young physician, one of Dr. Rochester's students, who went away from Buffalo, where he was born, to seek a practice, and breaking down in health after some years came home discouraged—to die. His disease was mortal. His family friends were gone, too. A hospital was the only refuge he could think of. But Dr. Rochester wouldn't hear of it. He took the sick man into his own large but crowded house, and gave him one of its best rooms, and attended to him as tenderly as if he had been one of his own beloved children. And when the poor fellow died he was buried from that hospitable house. There could be no earthly reward for such Christian charity as this, but who doubts that Dr. Rochester was and is blessed for it?



Plumbing and gasfitting—

Stygall.

Steam fitting—C. K. Summerhays.

Mason work—Rumrill & Rupp,

Brady & Maltby.

# TOVE COMPANY

TURERS OF

## URNACES,

ROUGHT-STEEL RANGES,

## ND GAS STOVES.

UFFALO AND DETROIT.

and Salesrooms :

### MICHIGAN ST.

Cashier, C. M. Horton, Jr.

P. E. Washburn, Western New-

a; F. P. Reidel, Central and North-

W. N. Y., N. Pa., and E. Ohio.

H. Gibbs of the Buffalo Heating

t; W. H. Bond, superintendent;

d Mayell, E. E. Gilbert, salesmen.

ry Ehermen, superintendent.

### AGENTS :

Louis Zurbucher, 1659 Main St.

M. W. Swagler, 258 Seneca St.

Daniel Lund, 156 Court St.

Adam Reid, Main St.

## rain Whisky

AND

## ALT GIN,

AND BOTTLED BY

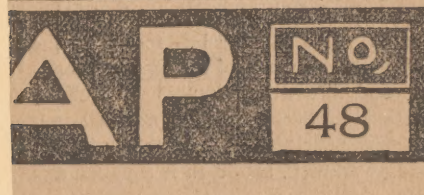
## OOK & CO.

by all Dealers.



### G TONIC!

## OCERS<sup>AND</sup>IMPORTERS



TO JUNE 4, 1887, C

e the G soft)

## ENS'

# oleon

## TTERS

Excellence.

### Regular Price

# 75

### Cents a Bottle

### EST OF FIFTY YEARS.

introduced this celebrated Bitters in  
s been known in France, where it orig-  
court physician to Napoleon I.

g up since, and we want THEM TO  
to know that it is invaluable as a tonic

to counteract the evil effects of a

tourists and travelers, make a note of

de caused by change of weather or diet,

as no equal. It is pleasant to the taste,

meal accomplishes the result.

a bottle of this excellent tonic.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM

E. L. WINSHIP, - - - Sole Agent

## SMITH & SHERMAN

HAVE A GRAND DISPLAY OF

# PAPER HANGINGS

To select from this season.

The choicest patterns from all of the factories in  
this country. Newest colors, best designs, lowest  
prices. Have your work done now. Get first choice  
and save money. We employ first-class workmen  
only, and guarantee all work to be satisfactory.  
Room mouldings and window shades, 50 patterns.  
Gold papers, 25c per roll.

## SMITH & SHERMAN,

579 MAIN STREET.